

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

Hudson Opinion In Audit Aids City Clerk

That Baldee Van Brower, city clerk and assessor of Carmel, owes the city only \$207.52, attributable to her errors in assessments, omission of assessments and failure to collect penalties on taxes due, and, further, that she cannot properly be called upon to return this sum to the city, are the findings of City Attorney William L. Hudson as filed with the city council in an exhaustive report today.

Although the city attorney has held an informal meeting with the council on the report, it is probable that no definite action will be taken by the council until its regular meeting January 4.

The city attorney's report and findings are in part as follows:

"My investigation indicates that the taxes on property omitted from the Assessment Rolls for the years 1926 to 1936, inclusive, total \$207.52; that the taxes on property omitted from the Delinquent Lists for the years 1927 to 1936, inclusive, total \$100.41; that for the years of 1926 to 1936, inclusive, taxes totaling \$126.22 have been stamped 'paid' in the Assessment Rolls but that the auditors were unable to find where they ever reached the Treasurer.

"The said sum of \$207.52 represents a loss to the City of Carmel directly attributable to the omissions of the Assessor.

"The said sum of \$100.41 represents a loss to the City which was in the first instance attributable to the Tax Collector, but which could have been avoided had the Assessor properly exercised the supervisory duties imposed upon her by the Tax Ordinance.

"Whereas it is clear that the Assessor must be held to account for moneys lost to the City as a result of her failure to assess property, the responsibility being entirely her own, it also seems that she should be charged with a lesser degree of care in connection with the preparation of the Delinquent List, as, to certain extent, she is dependent upon the cooperation she receives from the Marshal. Although this fact has no legal significance, it is a matter of common knowledge that the fiscal matters of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea have been handled very informally in the past, and it might be well to keep in mind at this point the fact that the Assessor was not given the benefit of an audit during the period that the omissions under consideration occurred.

"The facts surrounding the said sum of \$126.22 are as follows: After the Assessment Roll has been made up, it is delivered to the Tax Collector by the Assessor. Thereafter, as the taxes are paid, the Tax Collector stamps the Assessment Roll to that effect, giving the date

(Continued on Page Eight)

1937 YEARS LATER -



THIS IS CHRISTMAS

This is Christmas. In Carmel it is a beautiful Christmas. Rain or shine, it is. It is a beautiful Christmas in Carmel because every day it is beautiful in Carmel, joyful to live here, and the spirit and manifesting love of this special day of the year only augments the beauty we have with us always.

On this page, Ben Schafer, in his deeply-stirring linoleum block, pictures eloquently another kind of Christmas, another kind of Christmas that prevails in so many parts of the world today, prevails in spite of the fact that the Child who stands wonderingly between the knees of a despairing mother, grew up to be called the Prince of Peace.

Ben Schafer's picture is true. It has been said that we shall know the truth and the truth shall make us free. If it could only make us certain to devote our lives perpetually toward wiping out the antipathy of Christmas which is pictured here, how fine a thing that would be.

But the hatred, the bitterness and the sorrow so far-flung in this "1,937 years later", do not touch us here. We are alive and happy in our beautiful, peaceful city. We are giving one another a merry, merry Christmas in Carmel.

—W. K. B.

A MAD LETTER FROM JUDGE ROSS AND A STATEMENT FROM MARIAN TODD

(The following appears in this column because it was here that appeared last week the matter to which it so definitely refers.)

W. K. Bassett

My dear Mr. Bassett:

Please be advised that the article appearing in December 17 issue of THE CARMEL CYMBAL and headed "Marian Gets a Nice Lecture from Judge Ross," is full of untruths.

There is a wide variance between criticism and untruths. Being the holder of a public office I am subject to honest criticism, but I am not put to the burden of being the target of falsehoods.

Marian Todd was not delivered a lecture by me, either long, or eloquent, or fervent, or inspiring, or otherwise.

Marian Todd, or anyone else, has never asked me if I ever heard of a courtesy ticket.

I never at anytime to anyone made the remark "Carmel people don't understand courtesy." For anyone to say I did is to utter a deliberate lie.

Marian Todd never said to me, "Oh, thank you."

Mr. Bassett you were not present at the meeting of Marian Todd and myself and you should be fair enough to your fellow-man to accord him the courtesy of learning the truth before you hold him up to scorn.

People appearing before me are treated with the utmost courtesy and leniency and I am not given to voicing flippant remarks.

Please, Mr. Bassett confine your writings within the realm of truthfulness and decency, or you are headed for trouble.

Very truly yours
GEORGE P. ROSS

(Following the receipt of the above letter from Judge Ross, I called Marian Todd by telephone. (Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL JOINS IN COMMUNITY SING TONIGHT

Carmel grown-ups and Carmel children will gather at the foot of the lighted Christmas tree on Ocean avenue near Junipero at 7:30 tonight to sing Christmas carols. Edward C. Hopkins is directing the singing and will have several members of his "Cathedral Singers" in the group to more or less start things and Chandler Stewart of Pacific Grove and his three boys, Chandler, Jr., Gordon and Donald, will bring their four trombones to play for the assembled crowd. The Stewart Quartet are already famous here for their splendid work with the Bach Festival.

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JOSEPH O'CONNOR LEAVES THEATER POST HERE

Joseph O'Connor, manager of the Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel theaters of the Monterey Theaters Company, is leaving the Peninsula again. He has been ordered to San Jose by his company and will be succeeded here by Mark Kellar, who returns as manager after an absence of ten years. O'Connor has been manager for the company on the Peninsula for the past 15 months. He was in the same position here four years ago. Kellar was also manager here for four years and now comes back from San Francisco.

ROBERT STANTONS ADOPT THREE CHILDREN; BOY AND TWIN GIRLS

The report persisted all over the town during the week that Bob and Virginia Stanton had gone to a certain place in Illinois and were returning with a Christmas present for themselves.

It was hard to believe that it was to be three children. One knows of couples who love children and can afford them, but haven't any of their very own, adopting one child, sometimes two, but it's some-

thing different to adopt three.

But that's what Bob and Jinny have done. Not only do we learn it from an Associated Press dispatch in the Peninsula Herald, but Mrs. Ethel Young, mother of Mrs. Stanton, confirmed it yesterday over the telephone. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton are now on their way home to Pebble Beach, bringing with them a baby boy, and twin girls, acquired at The Cradle in Evanston.

Business Group To Give Party for Children

The Carmel Business Association and the Carmel Theater are playing Santa Claus to the children of Carmel at a grand Christmas party tomorrow morning. Each child will receive a half-pound box of candy and an apple and the donation of the theater is Joe E. Brown's "Earthworm Tractor" picture. There will also be short subjects and comedies.

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Alexis Klotz, top pilot for TWA, and Florence Ogden, number one air hostess for the same line, will be married this week-end at St. John's Chapel at Del Monte. Klotz was best man at the wedding of Laurence Dorcy and Maude Hill, daughter of Louis Hill, of Pebble Beach. The Dorcys will attend the couple at their wedding.

Del Monte Plans For 'Party of The Year'

Arrangements for Del Monte's "party of the year," the New Year's Eve celebration, December 31-January 1, were completed by hotel officials today.

Neil Bondshu and his "subdued swing" orchestra, which has just been signed for an extended engagement, will furnish dance rhythm for the affair.

Plans are being made to care for a capacity crowd. To accommodate the attendance indicated by advance reservations, the affair will be held in the giant main dining room.

Hats, favors, horns and noisemakers of all descriptions will be given to guests to insure Baby 1938 getting a rousing welcome from the residents of Monterey county.

Reservations should be made immediately so as to avoid disappointment.

She said this to me: "I read your editorial comment on my appearance before Judge Ross and wish to say that it was substantially correct as to what happened in the judge's chambers." —W.K.B.)

White Caps On Radio Waves

Your White Caps editor begs your humble pardon because she did not get the time or station of the Tiny Tim broadcast for Christmas day. But Lionel Barrymore will play the part of Scrooge, the part taken by his brother, John, last year, and the program will come around 5 or 6 o'clock. Look it up in your daily paper and let us wish you a Merry Xmas in apology.

Good news also for Christmas night (December 25) is the first radio appearance of Arturo Toscanini, beloved and inspired conductor of the New York Philharmonic, with a full orchestra expressly organized for radio programs—the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra—which may be heard tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock over KGO.

KGO—Today from 1 to 1:30, Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

KGO—Tomorrow morning from 10:55 to 2 o'clock. Grand opera from the Metropolitan Opera House. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

KPO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. Symphony.

KGO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. New NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini, conducting.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. Radio City Music Hall. Sibelius series.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. University of Chicago Round Table. Interesting discussion on timely topics.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic. John Barbirolli, conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Symphony.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Concert Company Hour.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Columbia Workshop. Excellent dramatic program.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 6 to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra.

KSFO—Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 5. Actor's Guild program.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blake and Mrs. Lurana Sharron will be guests of David Eldridge at the Mission Ranch Club next week. They are arriving this evening and will stay until after the New Year's Eve party.

Reservations for the New Year's Eve Dinner Dance at the Mission Ranch Club have been taken by Mrs. Katherine Osborn of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Duane Thompson of Hollywood.

Sam Colburn has deserted Carmel to spend the Christmas holidays in Long Beach. He plans to return soon after the New Year.

CARMEL CAPERS

If we were the gullible type who believed that Nature was one to concern herself with the insignificant doings of mankind, we might be convinced that she had conspired to set the stage in a particularly gala fashion in honor of our homecoming after seven long weeks in San Francisco.

Saturday, December 18, one week before Christmas (eastern papers please copy) found our little friends and playmates hurling still-bronzed bodies into a friendly winter surf and basking in a supernal December sun.

Louis Conlan and Kal Sapero were valiantly pursuing sea birds down the beach, undaunted by the fact that all bets were on the birds.

Beneath an interesting feminine entanglement we detected our old friend, Bobby Smith, endeavoring desperately to sun those small portions of his body not otherwise involved.

Jon Konigshofer was resting from labors incidental to the opening of De Loe's new bar. Jon is responsible for all the gay little horses and exotic flora which add so immeasurably to the tap room; also for the very nicely delineated sail boats which careen blithely about the walls of the restaurant.

In the course of our strange mental peregrinations, we appear to have wandered from sun bathing and the beauties of the California climate to De Loe's new bar, and we must accordingly observe that the opening of that new nitery was nothing short of sensationally successful. It is pleasant to realize that with Whitney's and the Snack flourishing as of old, the erring feet of Carmel's cutter-uppers need no longer wander beyond the pale of our own fair city to discover variety in drinking and dining places.

These unkempt apparitions who were running happily about the streets Sunday evening enveloped in a strange aura of sea-life and garlic, turned out to be the few courageous souls who had muscled in on a mussel-bake given by some of Carmel's ardent amateur fishermen after spending the afternoon prying them (the mussels not the guests) off the rocks with long poles.

It always interests us to observe the newspaper pictures of escaped convicts and malefactors who appear to our untutored eyes and judging by their physiognomy to be sweet sensitive boys. The faces of college athletes and football heroes depicted in the sport sections of the same papers seem somehow far more easily acceptable as typically criminal.

We think the police should be very happy if old Nixon, wandering in and out of stores and bars with his rare natural charm and friendly bearing, is mistaken for a member of the regular force. We hear that such is not the case; but, alas, who are we to understand the mysterious alleged functioning of a policeman's brain?

We have always considered Christmas a great nuisance to everyone except merchants and morons. Even if perchance you happen not to fall into either of these two broad fundamental classes, we hope that yours will be a merry one.

—LIBBY LEY

About Jennie; Synonymous With Xmas

Christmas and Jennie have always been synonymous around our house. How she kept it up for 84 years was often a mystery to me but she must have been old Saint Nick's special envoy on earth. Jennie was my grandmother. She had been Miss Jennie for many years to all the darkies around Marysville and Cincinnati but it was her youngest grandchild who first took the liberty of calling her that name to her face within the family circle.

Long about July Jennie started getting fluttery if anyone popped into her room without warning. She was stone deaf so it was a rather easy matter but we managed to put over an illusion of innocence so that she could wag a finger over us and say, "Now, don't get too curious." And the bottom drawer, already full of neatly wrapped presents which she had received from all of us for years back, would bulge with things she was making for the next December.

Jennie only spent two Christmases with us out West that I can remember, one about 10 years ago and her last one two years ago. The first time, I remember we made a throne for her and put a gold crown on her head. She was alternately shrieking with laughter and crying for joy all the time she handed out the presents, and making one crack after another about the various gifts she received. Her only living sister usually sent her jewelry or something fancy. They didn't get along any too well together and each referred to the other as "that old deaf sister of mine."

The last Christmas was just a month before she died. She was only a frail ghost of her former self but early Christmas morning she gave orders that no one was to come in her room until she was all prettied up. She was pretty as a picture when we came in to put her presents around her on the bed. We tried to open them for her but she pushed us away, "Let me do it, Sissie, that's half the fun." She had gifts by the dozens. Some earrings and a clip from her sister, "the old deaf thing," and when a piece of clothing for wearing out doors came up she would shrug her shoulders, knowing she would never wear it and say, "My now, isn't that nice!" She went into raptures over a box of candy because she would have the fun of offering it to someone else and a bottle of sweet-smell and hankies were her delight. Sometimes we laughed at her and sometimes we cried and if she caught us at either she would stick out her tongue and thumb her nose and say, "Think you're smart, do you, I know everything you say." And I think she did.

There is a little Christmas tree on her grave right now. Christmas and Jennie have always been synonymous in our house.

—VIRGINIA CALDWELL

Perhaps the very thing you want is contained in The Cymbal classified ads this week.

Carmel Pistol Club Plans To Incorporate

The annual meeting of the Carmel Pistol Club was held in the clubrooms below the P. G. & E. office on Tuesday, December 14. Twenty-three members were present and with Charles Guth acting president, several matters of importance were discussed. Plans for an indoor range were talked over and Paul Funchess, Charles Guth and Hugh Comstock were appointed to start the ball rolling for a suitable location. An indoor range would allow members to practice their shots at night and should materially increase the interest in club activities which at present are only active during fair weather and in the daytime.

A unanimous vote of the members present agreed to incorporate the club under the civil code of the State of California. Judge George P. Ross read the section referring to non-profit organizations to the group and answered questions about the procedure.

A board of directors was elected to hold office for the coming year. It includes Charles Guth, David S. Ball, Hugh Comstock, Paul Funchess, Leonard Johnson, Frederic Burt and William G. White.

A letter was read from "Dad" Warner to the members in which he wished the group success for their coming year. "Dad" has been "down but not out" (as he wrote it) for two months and the club jointly expressed a wish for his speedy recovery.

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS turn merchandises into dollars—and find dogs.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hamilton (the former Mrs. Mabel I. Turner of Carmel) are in Carmel for the winter, following their marriage in Battle Creek, Michigan, last fall. The couple made a tour of the southern and eastern states before coming to Carmel.

The Corner Club met at Pine Inn last Friday for a Christmas party with a Santa and all the trimmings. George Bragdon was underneath all the false whiskers as old Saint Nick and the entertainment was arranged by Mrs. Hurst Julian, Mrs. Martin McAulay and Mrs. Leroy Hasty.

Martin Flavin will become a member of the Stanford Faculty for the winter quarter. Flavin will give a course on play-writing.

Moylan Fox of Carmel will be on board the *Normandie* sailing for Europe on Sunday, December 26. Fox will visit in England and tour the continent with a college friend Robert Jura. The boys plan to return next summer.

A wire from the North Pole to THE CARMEL CYMBAL has announced the arrival of a well known personage to Carmel this evening. We have forgotten his name but not his number. Perhaps our readers will let us know if he leaves his card.

Misses Ellen and Jessie Joan Brown entertained at an egg-nog party last Sunday at their home.

Among the invited guests were Lieut. and Mrs. Fredric Barnes, Lieut. and Mrs. Robert Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl von Saltza, Mrs. Sidney Mac Donough, Misses Doris Dale, Elaine Carter, Madeline Mac Donough, Peggy Brooks, Patty Mora, Lieut. Jack Daily, Lieut. Myer Edwards, Lieut. Donald Vars, Gordon Campbell, Jo Mora, Jr., Nelson Alley, Arthur Jackson and Perry McCullum.

Borghild Janson left yesterday to spend Christmas and New Years with friends in Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bowhay and their daughter, Jane, are in Carmel for the holidays. The Bowhays recently bought "Trees" cottage here and plan to make weekend and vacation visits from their home in Beverly Hills. Bowhay is principal of the Beverly Hills High School.

Boris Lovet-Loraki, internationally known sculptor, is staying at the Louis Hill guest house in Pebble Beach along with the Laurence Dorcys. Lovet-Loraki will be here until after the first of the year and is at present modeling the head of a small child. The sculptor has had a large show at Gump's in San Francisco within the last year.

Two hundred youngsters at the Peninsula Community Center enjoyed a Christmas party last Saturday afternoon with Santa Claus in attendance and gifts and refreshments for all. The party was sponsored by Sidney Fish in continuance of the custom established by Mrs. Olga Fish before her death. Arrangements were taken care of by R. C. Sargent, Mrs. John Magee, Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. M. M. Gragg, Mrs. Peter Hay, Mrs. C. A. Kier-

nan, Mrs. W. A. Walls, Mrs. Grace Raibourn and Miss Rosie Raibourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cross Dahleen (Elizabeth Todd) will spend Christmas with the John Todds in Carmel. The young couple were married at Trinity Church San Jose last Saturday by the Rev. Mark Rifenbark. After spending the holidays here with the bride's family they will make their home in San Francisco. Dahleen is now studying at the Stanford Lane Hospital.

Mrs. George Koch was chairman of a very successful Christmas party given at the Farm Center for the Carmel Valley children last Friday evening. The annual party is given by the Home Department at the Center with the cooperation of the Carmelo and Tularcitos schools represented by Lucille Fogarty and Evelyn Smith, teachers at the two schools. Mrs. Carl Hildebrande was in charge of the music and informal talks were given by Luis Wolter, Mrs. Koch and Mrs. J. C. Anthony.

Young Florence Gillian Hefling, who will, gloriously, be called Jill, is going to have trouble later in life. She is going to have trouble about her birth date which falls on December 19, which is awful close to Christmas. However, at present she has nothing to worry about as she was born last Sunday at the Community Hospital. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hefling of Carmel and she has a brother Tommy, eight years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt of Pebble Beach entertained a group of friends from San Francisco for dinner last Friday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrell-Martin, Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker Jr., Nini Tobin and the Honorable George Mercer-Nairn of London.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams Huffer of Carmel are hosts to Mrs. Frederick Stryker and Miss Eva S. Wilkinson of New York for the holidays.

Robert Melvin Ralph of Carmel and Martha Alice Woodford, on the grammar school faculty at Seaside, were married last Saturday in Carmel. The couple are now on a wedding trip to Ensenada. They plan to make their home in Carmel at First and Camino Del Monte.

Harry Raine leaves Carmel today to drive to Jerome, Arizona, where Mrs. Raine and their two daughters are visiting. Raine will spend a Christmas with his family and once again enjoy some real home cooked food which he has not cooked himself. One roast he started after his family left a few weeks ago resulted in a call for the Carmel Fire Department.

Mary Morse was hostess to a group of friends at a dinner party last Saturday at the home of her parents, the S. F. B. Moses, in Pebble Beach.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCHES

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH

Christmas worship at All Saints' Episcopal Church will begin with a children's Christmas service and tree at 5 o'clock Friday evening, December 24. At that time Mrs. Susan Porter will tell the Christmas story.

The Midnight Candlelight service for Christmas Eve will begin at 11 o'clock. The Holy Communion service will be read and the choir will present Tours' *Sing Oh Heavens* as well as lead group singing of carols.

Christmas day services are restricted to Holy Communion at 10:30 a.m. and Sunday, December 26, will carry the regular schedule with Communion at 8 o'clock, Church School at 9:30 and the regular service at 11, at which time the Rev. Carel J. Hulsewé, rector, will deliver a Christmas message.

CARMEL MISSION

Special Christmas services at Mission San Carlos Borromeo (Carmel Mission) will begin Friday afternoon with confessions from 2 o'clock to 6 and in the evening from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.

On Christmas morning at 6 o'clock there will be low mass. A solemn high mass will be celebrated at 8 o'clock. A vested boy will be under the direction of Wapperer will sing the *Gloria*.

A solemn high mass will be celebrated at 11 o'clock on Christmas morning. A men's choir, under the direction of Noel Sullivan, will sing a mass, composed by Biggs in honor of Father Junipero Serra. Noels will be sung by Mr. Sullivan. The *Adagio Fidelis* will be sung by the choir.

Solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow. *Tantum Ergo* by Rossi will be sung and the recessional will be *Holy Night*.

Holy Communion will be distributed at all masses on Christmas Day.

A crib made of old wood used at the Mission in the old days is now under construction. It will be on display during the Christmas season and all are invited to see it.

Stuyvesant Fish, son of Sidney Fish of Carmel Valley, is home for the holidays. Stuyvesant is attending the Cate School in Carpinteria.

LAST MINUTE SHOPPERS

We still have lovely Christmas cards and unique gifts in decorated wood, jewelry, Redwood guest-books, etc. Redwood Guest-books, etc.

CARMEL ART & GIFT SHOP

Mrs. Carol Edwards
Carmel Theatre Building

COMMUNITY CHURCH

The early hour of six o'clock has been chosen by the young people of the Community Church to conduct a public service of worship on Christmas Day. With the dawn of Christmas morning there will be a lighting of candles in the church windows and every member of the congregation will carry away a small candle from the altar of the church.

The service itself will consist of caroling, scripture reading, modern Christmas poetry, and vocal solos

read and sung by the young people. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley will be in charge. Three of the girls—Fordre Frates, Rose Funches, and Ernestine DeFord—will sing solos of Christmas music. There will be congregational and choir singing as well.

Preceding the service, the young people will spend two hours in caroling through the streets of Carmel and at the windows of shut-ins. They invite others to join them at 4 o'clock at the church. If you plan to come, please phone 977-J that transportation may be arranged.

The entire Hooper clan from San Francisco, Burlingame and Madera will spend the Christmas holidays in Carmel with Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper at her home on Camino Real.

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Wishes Everybody

A Very Merry Christmas

MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL

De Loe

CHRISTMAS DINNER

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TO OUR FRIENDS

A Merry Christmas

EL FUMADOR

Happy New Year

The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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Troupers Repeat 'The 49ers' This Next Week-end

The excitement and fun of spending New Year's Eve with "The 49ers" in the old Adobe First Theater in Monterey, has prompted Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, producing managers, to repeat the old-time play and Olio for the two nights of December 31, 1937, and January 1 and 2, 1938. The New Year's Eve performance will start at 8:45 and will let out around 11 o'clock in order to give time for the audience to attend individual breaking-in-the-New-Year parties or celebrations.

By this time most all of the Peninsula knows what fun and laugh-provoking frolics the Troupers of the Gold Coast have to offer and need no further inducements. For those who have come recently or have been outside the pale of ordinary communication, the Gold Coast Troupers specialize in old-fashioned melodramas and "The 49ers" is the most melodramatic of them all. Five acts of heart-tugging drama, mistaken identity, fallen saved, kidnapped children, besmirched damsels (all blots on escutcheons are carefully and neatly removed before the final curtain drops with a clanging thud) and nobility and villainy of top ranking.

The Olio after the show will be under the deft wand of Bob Bratt, one of the Peninsula's naturals, who also does the famous peanut song. Community singing of old favorites and a pack of riotous stunts and acts, some new and some old.

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YACHTERS AND IRON HATS HAVE BIG GET-TOGETHER

The members of the Carmel Yacht Club and the Iron Hat Club held an informal get-together last Friday evening which was officially dubbed a reunion. Harold and Marguerite Gates acted as hosts for the festivities, while music was provided by Allen Knight's orchestra, and songs were warbled by the inimitable Bob Bratt.

A Z T E C
STUDIO SHOP

wishes you a

Merry
Christmas

Lynda Drops in on This Very Good Play At Filmarte and Reports As Follows:

We slipped into the Filmarte the other night, took off our shoes and stockings because our feet were wet, and watched with fascination the doings of a number of our citizens in preparation for the new theater group's First Annual Christmas Festival of the Drama. (We made that last up all of a sudden out of our wishful head, but it might sow a fruitful seed, so we'll let it stand for Chick McCarthy and Frank Townsend and Whoever-the-Angels-Are to ponder upon.) Anyway, as you know, the play's the Milne thing in which one-half of the citizens will act at the Filmarte this afternoon, at two, and tomorrow night, at eight, and which the other half (will, should, must) see. We're terrible at remembering titles off-hand, but inasmuch as the Ross Millers give birth, with Santy Claus (get this: Milt Latham, and not bad) acting as stork, we could only think of Blessed Event. That's wrong, of course.

It's—

We Were Very Late. So we had only the most tempting hors d'oeuvre to lead us to rush and buy our ticket. But you have our word that the sort of fruit-cake ingredients for good Christmas entertainment were all there. Sweet carolling, hordes of jolly children, old Santy and Dick's (Franklin Dixon, bless his heart) beautiful if somewhat vainglorious, Christmas tree.

And much more. For instance, it occurred to us that the Apple-garth girl will get on in this world if she drives as canny a bargain with all the Bluebeards she meets. Of course, she had one experience with a wolf. And you simply must see Thelma Miller take off a stocking. Tres gentle. (Very gentle) We blush when we think of the stocking indelicacy with which we

rip our own Magnin sheers off our legs as if the poor things offended us. Now Thelma does it lovingly, sort of spiritually you might say; with Peace and Goodwill, the Christmas way—that is, as if she knew that Santa Claus was going to fill it with umphty-dumps and, by golly, she wasn't taking any chances of a hole in the toe.

We've heard rumors, and we circulate these for just what they are—Rumors—that Mitzi and John Eaton are excellent in their parts. It goes without saying that By Ford is Indispensable. Indispensable. And many others, including the (Madame Borghild) Scandinavians. Dicky came and sat down beside us, offering from his good heart, and accepted our heartfelt congratulations on his sets and the Christmas Tree and the Desert Island. He said it was a 'wonderful cast. No one had fallen in love; everyone always came to the rehearsals on time (and by that he did not mean the usual instalment plan) and no one had yet shown up in that beautiful daze which renders distinguished diction irredeemably indistinguishable. Great heavens—perhaps there is a Santa Claus.

If there is, we hope with all our hearts that he will continue to be as generous with the new theater project as this initial endeavor will certainly prove him to be this Christmas.

"The best part we saw while we were there," we said to our Editor, "was the fine performance of a chap named Oliver Bassett."

"But you can't say that," our Editor mourned, "Unless, of course, you want to put your initials to it."

Nothing less than our full name, Oliver.

—LYNDA MARTHA SARGENT

7 Fortunate Art Gallery Supporters Draw Just the Pictures They Wanted

A sort of quivering excitement ran through the group of ticket holders crowding the Carmel Art Association Gallery last Tuesday afternoon for the drawing of the names of the lucky seven. John O'Shea, president of the Association, who has worked like seven beavers to put over the Building Fund, greeted the hopefuls gathered in the room and introduced the two masters of ceremonies, Major Ralph A. Coote, who turned the ballot box around and around, and Frederic Burt, who spied the names, numbers and the purpose of the drawing. Major Albert Garinger was chosen for the blindfold act as he was the only person in the room who had not bought a ticket (he had tried, but too late).

Seven names were drawn from the box. Most of the lucky ones were present at the drawing and those not present were telephoned to and came up to the Gallery in

record time.

Some good spirit must have been hovering over the occasion because although selections were made by the winners in the order drawn, each of them came away with his own first choice of the seven pieces.

Number one choice was made by Mrs. Lee O. Kellogg who had been sold her ticket from the gallery just a few hours earlier. Mrs. Kellogg chose the very fine John O'Shea landscape. Next came Carl Rohr and he and his wife chose the William Ritchel after having wanted a Ritchel painting in their home for years. Judge J. A. Bardin of Salinas chose the Paul Dougherty marine by proxy and Charlie Berkeley took a Whitman etching of some docks. Paul Flanders, who came next, had been mulling around all afternoon that he wanted the Armin Hansen rocks and sea etching, and he got it. William S. Kleinsorge of Del Monte took the

other Hansen etching of some cow-boys. Last and first choice of the Whitman boat etching went to J. L. Cockburn who told Frederic Burt when he bought his ticket that he "never won anything."

The gratitude of all the members of the Association, of the younger artists on the Peninsula and the artists who will come in the future is due to John O'Shea and the board of directors, to Janie and Clay Otto, to Frederic Burt and C. Chapel Judson, to Mrs. George Wintermute and Albert Bender, new life members, and to the 200 new members of the Association which the drive obtained, besides making it possible to start work almost immediately on the new addition to the Gallery. All have contributed through support, work and interest in this fine move to build a working art center in a town that is known for its artistic aura.

IN
Gratitude

TO
THEIR
FRIENDS

J. WEAVER
KITCHEN

*Extends
Christmas
Greetings*

AND
BEST
WISHES
FOR
A

*Happy
New
Year*

Merry

Christmas

Whitney's

Christmas Greetings

FROM MRS. LARSON

at the

Mission Ranch Club



SMORGASBORD

Will Be Served On Christmas Eve
at 6:30, 8:30

Christmas Day Special Dinner \$1.25

Have Dinner

BY THE FIRESIDE

Old Cabin Inn

On Christmas Eve or
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\$1.25

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Canapes

Potage of Split Pea Soup
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Roast Turkey with Choice of Dressings
Mashed Potatoes • Giblet Gravy

Peas • Boiled Onions

Cranberry Cup

Cream Red Apples and Whipped Cream

Fruit Cake

Coffee • Tea • Milk

+

TELEPHONE CARMEL 48 FOR RESERVATIONS

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

and a

PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

is the wish of

JEAN RITCHIE'S
YARN SHOP

CLANGING CYMBALS



Long before sun-up on the morning of Christmas Eve the low old farmhouse at Fernside lies pregnant with holiday. From the outside you can see but very dimly still its fine new coat of snow, the blue breath of fresh-laid birch bark fires from its chimneys, the light from the kerosene lamp in the kitchen windows. By that light, although the clock has not struck five, the figure of my Mother may be seen hurrying back and forth from pantry to stove.

In every nook and cranny, from attic to woodshed, the inside of the house is bursting with Christmas. On cupboard shelves, in the dark recesses of closets, in bureau drawers, brown paper parcels bulge with complacent secretiveness. And in the heads of the five girls, still curled into their feather beds, the pleasant dreams of the night are slowly blossoming into the marvelous reality of the year's most exciting day. Even the baby seems aware of it, for he wakes in his crib, and after a thoughtful moment, laughs aloud.

When I come tumbling down the steep stairs from my attic room, Mother has taken him up and is nursing him by the red-hot stove in the living-room. Her face is bright with tenderness and excitement. Well, here is my biggest girl, so early in the morning. My! what a lot we've got to do today. Do run and look at the johnny cake and set the coffee back and see if the fire needs fixing.

The dawn has come slowly, with Venus lingering over the steeple of the Congregational Church down in Henniker Village and the cats come blinking from the mows to sit greedily in the barn door while Father milks their breakfast. But suddenly the tumult is on. Marion, Pearle, Maude, tumbling all at once out of their beds: coming from their cold rooms to dress by the fire. Pippin, Little Sister Grace, aged two, rubbing her eyes and not knowing whether to laugh or cry. Off come the flannellette nightgowns. The room is filled with union suits, and ferris waists and cotton drawers; with long black stockings and high shoes; with petticoats and serge dresses. And big percale aprons. Everyone is buttoning up or buttoning someone else up.

Here, Little Sister, let me do that. You've got your waist on backwards.

Ouch, you're pulling my hair.

Mama, Maude's got my stockings on.

Something's burning. Quick! The johnny cake.

Here, one of you take Frank. He needs changing again. Here's your father coming for his breakfast.

Setting the table in the kitchen, I see the red sun come over the Uncanoons and strike unutterable beauty as with silver scimitars all over our world. I throw my arms around my Mother and make her dance and skip around the big kitchen. Everyone joins in. When father comes in through the shed and sees his family gone mad, he too throws his cap at the ceiling and dances a jig. The baby, who has been deposited unceremoniously on the breakfast table, sets up a great

howl. Christmas is here!

Pearle is huddled in a corner, quietly sobbing.

What in the world is the matter with my sunny-faced girl this Christmas time? Mother wants to know, whisking by.

I want a new shirt. I'm twelve years old and I've never had a new shirt. Only Lynda's and Marion's old shirts. I want a brand new one.

When she sees we are all ready to cry, too, she rolls over from her corner and begins to laugh. Then everyone laughs. Oh, Mama, if I hurry with the woodboxes, may I pop corn?

Maude, who is not quite eight, stands on her box, washing dishes. Well, I guess Santy has got hitched up by this time, Mama. Mama, how far is the North Pole from here? Can I leave the johnny cake pan to soak?

Mama, can I help make Santy Claus' candy? Shouldn't we leave some hot cocoa for him, too? Oh, Mama, Frank's dummies got all wet in the snow. Mama, when can we go after the tree?

When the housework is all done. Now hurry, all of you. There are some dry diapers in the bottom drawer.

While she watches the baby, Marion sits working laboriously over a pair of longcloth drawers she is making for Mother's Christmas present. Marion hates sewing and I have helped her some with the seams. Now she is sewing on the hamburger ruffles. She sits hunched up in front of the highboy with her back turned so that Mother can't see what she's doing.

With every minute the bustle grows more intense. Now the corn is popping frantically, faster and faster. All over the cleared kitchen table are spread the makings of tomorrow's pie. Mother rolling and patting and running to the sink to pump dashes of cold water on the crust; then quickly shoving them into the oven. Maude is feather-stitching a handkerchief for Father, defying the tenets of embroidery with unwonted knots and curley-cues. The warm sun makes love to Mother's geraniums in the south windows and to the white blossoms of the Star of Bethlehem hanging over the sewing machine. Little Sister, with her small broom, is helping me sweep the sitting room. Father dashes in to get a dry pair of mittens from the warming oven.

Mama, can I go to town with Papa? Papa, don't forget to go to the station and see if Uncle Clem's box has come. Oh, no, Daddy, don't forget that! Hey, look, here comes old Si Cogswell into the yard.

Deacon Cogswell is the town's meanest man. We know he is trying to buy our best cow for a song because we need the money. We know he's rich and stingy and holds our mortgage. We passionately love our Father who is poor but very, very honest and we hate old Si Cogswell with the concentrated hatred of children.

I leap to the piano bench and wave my broom and shout:

Old Si Cogswell's come to call. Meanest man in town, by gol! Scowls his money in his drawers; Milks his caoose (apit) with dirty paws.

Old Si Cogswell, so they say, Fell into a pile o' hay. Stuck his belly with a spike. Hollered, Help, for love o' Mike! Ol' Si's wife, she heard him yell; Thought her spouse had gone to—

This is very, very funny. It is the funniest thing anyone ever said. Everyone is rolling with laughter. Mother's face is damp with hilarious tears. The baby wakes up and howls. By the time Deacon Cogswell sticks his head in the kitchen door, the place is pandemonium. Mother tries to compose herself, but at sight of his solemn old mug, she fails utterly.

Hopes her spouse has gone to hell, says Little Sister right to his face, and hits the baby on the nose with her broom.

Marion has finished her sewing. Don't you come in here now, she calls to Mother, and going up to the long mirror, holds her work up to herself to get the effect. There is a puzzled look on her face. They don't look right, she says. You've got the ruffle on the top 'stead of the bottom. They're all upside-down.

For a second we are about to go into hysterics of laughter again. But tears have come into Marion's eyes and a sweet rush of sympathy sweeps through us. There is a dreadful silence, with Marion crying bitterly.

Now what's the matter, girlie? Mother has wiped the dough from her hands, hastening to the disaster.

Marion rolls the offending garment and puts it behind her. I... I made your present wrong. It's awful wrong, Mama. And now it's too late to fix it. I made it upside-down.

I'll fix it, I offer. I can fix it in a minute. Don't you mind.

There, says Mother. See? It's all right. And Mama'd like it anyhow. Beds made, girls?

By twos we scatter to our never-heated rooms.

When I am in my little attic room under the eaves, I stop at the window and look out on the white world; at the pines heavy with their lovely load; at a chipmunk skittering along the stone wall; at the mysterious bare branches of the elm. Mother, coming up to the attic for something, finds me standing there and helps me with my bed.

It's all so... so very wonderful... isn't it, Mother?

Yes, I know.

She knows. She remembers what it is like to be sixteen, with the Christ-child in the budding heart and the blood running swift and strong and the first gift from the first beau wrapped in white tissue paper and tucked in hiding. She always knows.

What, oh what can I do now, dear Mother?

Why don't you run down and get the baby ready for his bath?

But the baby is not in the old cradle by the stove. He is not in his crib. He is not on the couch. Nor tucked up in Father's great chair, as often. The baby isn't to be found.

Where's Frank? I cry.

For a moment everyone is struck dumb. Things stop deadstill. Nobody knows. Pearle is stringing popcorn. Little Sister is under the table with the cat. Marion comes in from out of doors. Mother comes downstairs, looking puzzled.

But he can't be lost, girls. Look everywhere. Someone must have left him somewhere. Think hard.

But the baby is gone. Everything is turned upside down, inside out. We run and look into the beds we've just made, tearing them all apart again. We even look on shelves and in cupboards.

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

Suddenly Marion remembers. She opens the big bottom drawer of the highboy where she has been sewing. There, angel-faced and fast asleep, is our little brother, a pair

of sewing scissors prodding one red cheek.

When the house is spick and span and the blue shadows of mid-afternoon are shooting eastward, Father warms the axe on top of the stove and we all go after our Christmas tree.

Oh silence and beauty of the winter woods: where the pines and hemlocks stand with their exquisite burden of white and somewhere on the bosom of our north pasture an eager spruce trembles

and waits his immolation on the altar of the ancient myth, are you still there on Christmas Eve? Oh, little town of Henniker,

how still you seem to lie! Oh frightened stag and solemn great jackrabbit and scolding red squirrel in the branches overhead, do you remember in your loneliness

today those white and delicate faces—those children of the happy myth who came with

ringing hearts of hope; who came with faith; who came with gratitude to you and to the bright clear Word that placed you there?

Oh spruce tree, can you still recall that meaning hour? And can you see the warm young blood still running through this

mitigated hell; this hell that's mitigated daily by your green memory on many children's hearts? And can you see that even if

the myth is dying and if the little town of Henniker lies not so still on these few Christmas Eves, yet other myths and other

earth-fraught nights will burgeon new from these same children's blood because

you fell into the snow that day and, rising, made your acknowledgment of this, a token

in their hearts. And in their children's hearts; and in their children's children's hearts forever and amen.

After long search, we find the perfect tree. It is our Mother who makes the decision. Then she, first, takes the axe and chops one stroke. Each child in turn the same. All help the baby put his mittened fist to the axe handle. And while Father swings away and the woods resound, we make a moving circle round him, singing lustily our first carol. When we start homeward, Father drags the tree with much assistance. Little Sister, tired and laughing, clings to one branch and is drawn through the snow. The baby rides high on Father's shoulder. Mother, carrying the axe in one hand, reaches out the other and slips it into Father's. Down in the valley the village lights go on.

Oh little town of Henniker, how sweetly you did lie!

Mama, is Santy a very, very small man? 'Cause how else would he get down the stovepipe?

He can make himself as little as a mouse.

Mama, if I look, will I see the Christmas angel?

Yes, yes, if you look—surely. Mama, have I been a good girl all the year?

Yes, 'most all the year. I—I once wore Marion's petticoat to school. Do you s'pose Santy noticed that?

Maybe if Marion says it's all right, Santy will forget.

It's all right.

Come on now, girlies. The quicker you go to bed, the quicker 'twill be morning. Now I lay me...

The angel at the tip of the Christmas tree, bending slightly against the ceiling, looks down upon the scene for this, his sixteenth, Christmas Eve. It is not a scene you would see everywhere. It is, in fact, a scene to which even an angel might give a wondering pause.

Now I lay me down to sleep...

Please, Mama, can we sing Holy Night?

The baby has finished his last daily meal and lies sweet against the breast. In Father's arms in the great Sargent chair by the stove, Little Sister dreams of sleighbells on the roof and brooms that sweep while little children dance. Eight black stockings hang along the wall behind the stove. By the lone flicker of the firelight from the open front of the big stove, the strings of popcorn and cranberries go in and out mysteriously among the dark fir branches.

And the angel sees that all the things wrought in this room are precious things. Not sold at counters and done up with lavishness: not marked with tags to tell the prices, for these are never known; not always visible, indeed, for from every needle of his tree, in all the quiet corners of this room where dissonant young voices ring out the holy night, there swims the bright, the mighty bauble, love.

And he sees first among the faces turned in adoration to the tree, that worn and tired one, the Mother. Residing on her face tonight is perfect happiness. Yes, and holiness, too, which is altogether the same thing.

—LYNDA SARGENT

May Your
**CHRISTMAS
BE MERRY**
and your
**NEW YEAR
PROSPEROUS**
Carl's
Service Station

RESOLVE NOW
to order your milk, eggs
and butter from the
McDonald Dairy
Early Morning Delivery
Fountain Service
Lunches
Telephone Your Ice Cream
Orders To
Carmel 700

**Season's
Greetings**
AND
A
BIG THANK YOU
FOR
YOUR
PATRONAGE
Stella's
Dry Goods Store

COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

Carmel has been far from static in the past year or so and Ocean avenue is no exception. In general, it's the food business that has been giving our commercial section its news items and its variety of expression. And now comes De Loe, with gay flower pots and sidewalk café, to help brighten up the marts of trade! If the quality of the food lives up to the promise of the exterior it should prosper in the restaurant as well as the taproom...

Well, if you passed up the plum puddings and fruit cakes at Thanksgiving to have more room for other good things to eat, Christmas is the time to make up for what you missed. And judging by the stock in all our markets and bakeries you won't have any trouble laying in a supply of fine rich plummy cakes and puddings. One of the nice things about a really genuine fruit cake is its lasting quality! You don't need to make yourself sick on it to keep it from being wasted—you can enjoy those little thin slices that are just enough not to be cloying—and make the cake last a good long time. My old friend, Dr. Chase, writing back in Civil War times, gives a recipe for a "Bride Cake" which he assures us would cost twelve dollars to buy but only three to make yourself. But it kept indefinitely. In fact, at the end of the recipe, Dr. Chase remarks in proof of his claim: "The foregoing was written and printed over a year ago. The daughter came home, and took dinner with us, one year from the marriage; and her mother set on some of the cake as nice and moist as when baked."

All my life I've been an ardent Dickens fan and there was a time when I could tell, without stopping to think, just which volume any given character belonged in. But I don't mind admitting that I'm just a little tired of the immortal Cratchit family chronicle as a choice for the annual reading-out-loud occasion! (It probably puts me in the same class as those unnatural fiends who are openly and shamelessly apathetic to flowers or music or dogs or babies!) Anyhow, if there's any reading aloud in our family around Christmas—which is unlikely considering the press of other things, such as getting out THE CYMBAL and acting in "Make-Believe"—it's going to be the last chapter of Della T. Lutes' delightful book, *The Country Kitchen*. If you haven't read it, by all means don't miss it; if you have, read it again! Every line is a joy and the description of the making of the plum pudding is best of all.

"Contrary to her usual custom," says Mrs. Lutes, "my mother had a rule for making her plum pudding. In general her cookery was of so simple an order, consisting of dishes frequently repeated, as to need no rules, but this pudding was made but once a year, and so when the time came for its concoction she took down from its place beside the clock an old cookbook and opened it to a page slightly discolored from a tracing finger rich with fruity contact."

"I think, perhaps, she also liked to read the words, for she spoke them aloud, and I can remember seeing my father draw his chair within hearing distance, adjust his spectacles, craftily lift a newspaper before his face, and give ear to the

rich phrasing which fell alluringly upon the air—"

The recipe included an admonition to set aside the pudding mixture "to assimilate flavors for two hours or more." It ends: "This pudding (if not eaten) will last for weeks and is as good cold as it was hot."

"When the pudding, after the proper 'assimilation of flavors,' was finally consigned to the pot, the kitchen became of all rooms that could be imagined the most desirable. Every corner, every inch and ell, was permeated with the rich bouquet of 'assimilated' raisins, currants, lemon, ginger, citron, and spice borne upon a cloud of steam, while the pudding on its plate, with its woolly ears protruding above the boisterous, ebullient seas of darkening water, danced and bubbled, puffed and swelled, in its own juices. Perhaps it would last for weeks 'if not eaten,' but its chances for longevity beyond the date set for its proper consumption were slim indeed."

But don't think the whole chapter is merely taken up with plum pudding and roast goose and the mundane details of a mouth-watering description of a hearty country Christmas dinner. There were guests at that dinner party as worthy and as delightful in their way as the Cratchit family. There was "Miz' Lou Esty, the itinerant seamstress who went from house to house to sew and mend, and who, after the unlamented demise of her husband... had no home other than a room in the Bouldry house, where she went, as she herself said, to catch her breath between seams."

There was old David H., a "first-rate carpenter but one whose itching foot had become entangled in the treacherous vine."

"What in tunket you want that old sot around on Christmas Day for?" he (the head of the house) demanded indignantly. "You already got Miz' Esty. If you want more company, why don't you ask the Covell young-uns and give 'em a square meal?"

"To his surprise and apparent consternation, my mother took up the challenge."

"I'm glad you thought of it, 'Lije,' she said genially. 'I'll ask 'em today.'"

"And ask them she did, four half-starved little Covells, all girls, ranging in age from five to twelve, who stared greedily when my mother told them they were to come to dinner, and appeared on the eagerly anticipated day scrubbed and brushed and dressed in their poor best, two hours ahead of time."

It was, as Mrs. Lutes said, "a good day... Nothing to make history, but good to live, good to remember."

And may that be the kind of Christmas day you all have!

—CONSTANT EATER

Dear Constant Eater:

You asked me one night about the different eating places I like to go to in San Francisco. Silly how we always get on the subject of food, but anyway, my last trip up to the Other Village netted me a very super and original restaurant. The name is Lupo's and it is a Neapolitan Pizzeria which I think means that they specialize in several different kinds of spaghetti and a

huscious assortment of oven-baked specialties.

That oven is one thing you would like. It's just at the back of the small room and after you give your order you go back and lean over the marble-topped slab where the young chef makes up your order. You watch him put it on a big flat paddle and slide it into the oven. And the aroma!—it hits you as you come in the door and makes you ravenous.

About the pizza. It is sort of an appetizer. A round circle of dough about 14 inches across and rather flat. On top of this, shortening, tomato salsa, seasoning, anchovies or mushrooms, if you like, and two different kinds of cheese, all done with much flourish. You can watch it sizzle in the oven and when it's done you eat it in your hands like a beautiful big biscuit. We had Veal Scallopine Supreme afterward. (There are several kinds.) Thin, sliced veal, dipped in batter and fried with some heavenly seasoned sauce and potatoes and hot pickled artichokes on the side. Wine and excellent sour French bread.

They play gay Italian music during the dinner and not so loud that you can't hear yourself talk. Talking is almost a minor matter at Lupo's while there is food on the table. All you want to do is eat. It is a favorite spot for musicians and those who like food for its own sake. Gaetano Merola comes there often and you may spot any number of celebrities uuumming and aahing and eating there most any night. The place is open from 5 p.m. to 3 in the morning and a likely spot for after-theatre diners. And don't walk past it by mistake, as I did. There is no brass band out to greet you. You'll find it on Kearny street, just a couple of doors below Broadway, and if I am in the city you are likely to find me there also. —VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

Red Cross Gives Christmas Cheer To Needy

Red Cross headquarters on Dolores street is most active this week preparing Christmas cheer for a number of families in the district that might not otherwise be passed by this yuletide.

Miss P. Lealie King, executive secretary, has ordered 200 Red Cross bags to be filled with candy, nuts and toys and distributed to the children of Carmel that might not be remembered by Santa Claus.

To needy families, grocery orders will be given and some special boxes of canned goods and home preserved fruits.

Under the guidance of Miss Gertrude Rendtorff, the Girls League of Monterey Union High School contributed a dozen cartons of canned goods and other edibles to the Red Cross Christmas. The pu-

pils of Forest Hill School sent in a fine box of toys and other gifts that they had made.

+++

Mrs. Rose DeYoe arrived in San Francisco last Wednesday from the Hawaiian Islands where she now makes her home and will spend Christmas with her two sisters, Mrs. Kate Wood and Mrs. Lillie Hansen, and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mrs. Maude DeYoe.

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MEANS
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TELEPHONE 161

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year
Folks

Carmel Laundry

G. DE PACKH

wishes to extend his gratitude
and best wishes

TO THE PEOPLE OF CARMEL
WHO HAVE GIVEN HIM
THEIR FRIENDLY
PATRONAGE

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

THE
BELVAIL ELECTRIC
CO.

wishes its friends the

Merriest Christmas Ever

and the

**Very Best of
New Years**

WISHING YOU

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

CARMEL DRUG STORE

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Welcome, dear old Santa, welcome!
Bring no rod for us tonight,
While our barking bids you welcome

Every heart with joy is light.

Fill each empty sock and basket,
Bring us goodies, one and all.
'Tis your little ones who ask it,
We all hope that you will call.

Mr. Santa Claus,
The Toy Shop,
North Pole.
Dear Santa,

My little friends have been very, very good little doggies this year (especially for the past week) and they have asked me to write and remind you of this fact and to drop several hints as to just what they would like to have you bring them. So here goes:—

Pat Kendall would like a new coat. He says his old one is worn threadbare in spots.

Haig Jeffers would be exceedingly pleased to have a little red and gray hobby-horse.

Domino Yates wants a red collar to set off his black and white suit. He has never had a red collar.

Pelrus Reamer wants you to arrange for more Sunday picnics on his beach—especially barbecue picnics.

Blue Askew would like a personal introduction to Miss Mison Fraser (that pink bow intrigues him).

Chiquita Chidester would greatly appreciate six new rhumba records—with plenty of rhumba.

Annie Laurie Marion has her heart set on a permanent wave. (She followed her mistress to the beauty parlor the other day, but was refused admittance.)

Doodle-bug Walton would like to have Buck "Casanova" Lawrence's little black book.

Monte Hudgins wants a white and gold mustache cup, monogram-

med if you can do it.

Gyp Miller wants a scooter-bike, but he will compromise for a pair of roller skates.

Blue Clark would like some eye treatments. He thinks he needs glasses.

Schooner longs for an autographed photo of Carole Lombard.

Teddy Terry would like to have an iron deer for his front lawn.

Juan Cocke wants a bag for his tricks.

Timmy Sheets wants a step ladder. Climbing fences without one is a bit tiring.

And big, black Baby says he will be completely happy with a Shirley Temple doll.

These youngsters assure me, Santa, that they are deserving of these few simple requests, so I do hope you can manage to grant them. And, Santa, will you try to bring at least one bone or biscuit to every good little dog?

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JESSIE JOAN BROWN
P.S. I have been a good girl, too, Santa.

A Merry Christmas to all,
And to all, a Good Night!

JACK WILLIAMSON INVENTS SMOKE-IN-BED DEVICE

Jack Williamson now makes it safe for you to smoke in bed.

He has an invention which was conceived when he discovered an old Turkish water pipe in his domicile. He removed the tube, bored a hole in an abalone shell up near the rim, inserted the distant end into the hole, fastened a cigarette holder thereon and—well, you see, even if you go to sleep while smoking nothing can happen. Your cigarette burns down safely in its own private ash tray. Or, if it falls out of the holder it does its dying privately and safely.

Jack was displaying one of his smoke-or-sleep contraptions to admiring friends on Ocean avenue this week.

Dave Davis has departed for Pomona to spend the holidays, following which he will go to San Diego for a short stay with the Clint Warrens.

Mission Ranch Club Dinner Dance on New Year's Eve

Reservations for the New Year's dinner dance at the Mission Ranch Club are coming in from all parts of the state, as well as a good Carmel representation. David Eldridge has opened the clubhouse doors to the general public for the evening so that you need not be a club member to attend the gala festivities. A very fine eight-piece orchestra has been obtained for the occasion and John and Mitzi will entertain with ballroom exhibition dancing. Mrs. Edith Larson, chef for the club, will supervise the menu for the dinner. Eldridge has announced that breakfast will be served for those who may stay on for it.

The children's Christmas party for members' children Wednesday afternoon was a great success. Presents were distributed all around and there were candy and ice cream and games and a big tree and group singing of carols.

WILLIAM S. TEVIS MARRIES IRENE HADDON HERE

The wedding of William Sander

MAY WE SUGGEST for Christmas Gifts

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Tevis, one of America's ranking polo players, and Irene Wren Haddon, both residents of Burlingame, took place at noon yesterday at the home of Tevis' brother, Lloyd, in Carmel. The ceremony was quite simple. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley officiated.

John von Saltza went to San Francisco last week to attend the wedding of Fritzie Kolster and Alan J. Michaels Monday evening at the Church of the Nativity.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE AT 8:40 P.M.
SAT. JAN. 1 and SUN. JAN. 2

First Theater in California, Monterey

Played by the Troupers of the Gold Coast. Directed by Lloyd Wear

Produced by Denny Watrous Management

Tickets 1.60, 1.10 at Staniford's Drug Store, Telephone Carmel 150

Forest Lodge

IS SERVING

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM

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FELTS

Regularly 2.95 and 3.95

1.95

Regularly 4.95 and 6.95

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SUEDES

Regularly 4.95 and 5.95

3.95

In time to give Mother, Wife or Sister a fine hat for Christmas, this sale affords a wide assortment of the new styles at tremendous savings. A variety of colors and shapes, plenty of brims, in small and large head sizes

Hat Shop Holman's Main Floor

City Attorney Hudson Finds City Clerk Owes City Little, and Needn't Pay It

(Continued from Page One)

of payment. There are about sixteen cases where the Assessment Roll has been stamped 'paid' but in which the Auditors were unable to find any other record of payment. It is my understanding that such errors would be promptly brought to light if the operations of the Assessor's and Tax Collector's offices were properly co-ordinated. The only basis for charging Miss Van Brower with this amount would be the fact that she is the chief accounting officer of the City.

"In regard to the right of a municipality to collect penalties and interest: All Tax Ordinances and statutes are in invitum; that is to say, they are strictly construed. No right to recover the penalties or interest specified in a tax ordinance can arise unless the steps leading to the levy and collection of the tax have been carefully followed. Therefore, in those cases where the Assessor leaves property off of the Assessment Roll, thereby causing a municipality to lose the amount of the tax, penalties and interest may not be recovered from either the property owner or the Assessor. This being true, the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea at no time had the right to collect penalties from Miss Van Brower as a result of her failure to list property on the Assessment Roll. Under certain circumstances interest might have been recovered, but in view of my conclusion relative to the right of the City to recover the omitted assessments, this latter fact is of no importance.

"Before leaving the question of omissions from the Assessment Roll and Delinquent List, I would like to point out that the total amounts herein-discussed which under one theory or another might have been chargeable at one time to Miss Van Brower total \$434.15, while the loss to the City directly attributable to Miss Van Brower's errors totals \$207.52. This total of \$434.15 is considerably less than the amount shown by the Audit to have been lost to the City as a result of errors and omissions. This is true principally because it was necessary to omit penalties and interest and partly because my examination of the City's records indicates that some of the errors listed were not chargeable to Miss Van Brower but resulted from a generally lax system of bookkeeping. This report does not take into consideration errors resulting from collections being credited to the wrong fund, errors in collection, or Assessments overpaid. In passing, it might be well to note that assessments overpaid and duplicate payments total \$142.35, which sum partly makes up the losses due to other errors.

"In regard to the right of the City to recover this sum of \$434.15 from Miss Van Brower: The said Tax Ordinance charges the City Assessor only with taxes which, 'through his wilful failure or neglect,' are unassessed. This provision specifies the degree of care which the Assessor is bound to exercise. In the case of Princeton Coal Mining Company v. Lawrence, 93 N.W. 423, the term 'wilful failure' was held to imply more than mere non-conformity, inattention, or heedlessness; to imply intentional and conscious violation and persistent refusal or neglect.

"In Thompson v. Donahue, 135 N.W. 1030, it was held that to wilfully fail, neglect or refuse to enforce a law involves more than oversight or carelessness. It must be prompted by some evil intent or legal malice, or, at least, be without sufficient ground for the officer to

believe that he is performing his duty.

"In view of the interpretation which must be given to the Tax Ordinance, I am of the opinion that the facts surrounding the commission of the errors in question preclude a recovery by the City against the Clerk based on Section 22 of Ordinance 11, as I do not believe that it can be shown that the errors complained of were the result of Miss Van Brower's 'wilful failure or neglect.'

"No ordinance of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea specifically imposes upon the Assessor any particular degree of care relative to those duties which I referred to above as being 'supervisory.' This does not mean that the Assessor is under no obligation to perform her duties faithfully and efficiently, but it does mean that no arbitrary and unusual standard of care is demanded of her.

"Therefore, any right of the City to recover from Miss Van Brower any part of the sums lost to the City as a result of her omissions must be based on her failure to exercise that degree of good faith and diligence enjoined upon the holder of any public office. However, I find it unnecessary to reach a conclusion as to whether Miss Van Brower has failed to exercise such diligence for the reason that, with the exception of three items which will be hereinafter discussed, the last error or omission which prejudiced the interests of the City occurred in 1932 and a great majority of them occurred in 1926 and 1927. Any cause of action which the City may have had against either Miss Van Brower or her bondsmen would be barred either under Subdivision 1 of Section 338 of the Code of Civil Procedure after a period of three years had elapsed, or under Section 343 of the Code of Civil Procedure after a period of four years had elapsed, depending upon the theory under which the action was brought.

"The Audit points out that the Carpenter and Ocean Street Assessment and the Second Sewer Assessment on Lots 1, 3, 5, and 7, in Block 63, assessed to Miss Saidee Van Brower, were omitted from the Assessment Rolls for the years 1933, 1934, 1935 and 1936, but that these assessments were subsequently paid, and concludes that penalties should also be collected from Miss Van Brower and turned over to the City Treasurer. I can find no legal basis for this conclusion. As was pointed out above, the obligation to pay a penalty for the non-payment of a tax can only arise if the steps leading to the imposition of the tax were carefully followed. Such was not the case, and accordingly, no obligation to pay the penalty has ever accrued. If Miss Van Brower's error was unintentional, she stands in no different position than any other taxpayer. If the error was intentional, enforced collection of the penalties would not be the proper procedure, but rather steps should be taken to remove her from office for misconduct. After considering all the circumstances surrounding the omis-

sion of this property from the Assessment Roll and the fact that Miss Van Brower has other property which has always been properly assessed, and that all the assessments on Lots 1, 3, 5 and 7, in Block 63, with the exception of those enumerated above, have always been paid, I do not believe that anyone could in all fairness conclude that Miss Van Brower omitted the assessment with the intent to defraud the City.

"Assessments on Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 64, assessed to Miss Van Brower's niece were omitted from the Delinquent List for the year 1934 and from the Assessment Roll for the year 1935. These assessments were subsequently paid to the City, and it is my opinion that no penalties are recoverable for the reasons set forth in discussing a similar question in connection with Lots 1, 3, 5, and 7, in Block 63.

"The Audit also refers to the fact that Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, Block 2, were dropped from the Roll and a notation made to the effect that they were city owned. I found that this property was entered on the Assessment Roll and Delinquent List for the years 1926 to 1931, inclusive. At that time, the City of Carmel was entitled to a deed to this property; apparently Marshal Gus Englund made a notation in the records to execute a deed to the City. Although this property should have been assessed until deeded to the City, and although Miss Van Brower might be criticized for failing to ascertain whether or not the deed had actually been executed, she seems to have assumed that the property was properly deeded and dropped it from the Assessment Roll for the years 1932 to 1935, inclusive. Since that time, this property has been deeded to the City. Although Miss Van Brower was guilty of a technical error, it is only fair to her to point out that the fact that the property was dropped from the Assessment Rolls did not cost the City a penny, and I do not see how these facts could properly be made the basis of a claim against her.

"The foregoing report covers all errors and omissions set forth in the Audit which might be laid to Miss Van Brower.

"In conclusion, I should like to say that I do not consider it extraordinary that many of these errors and omissions occurred. It must be borne in mind that the City Officials of Carmel were not given the benefit of an exhaustive audit until 1936. While it is true that this does not give rise to an estoppel against the City, it is doubtless true that practically all loss would have been eliminated had the City's books been regularly audited, and, when it was discovered that property had been omitted from the Assessment Roll, the City would have had the right to double the tax in the succeeding year."

+

PARCELS POST STATION OPEN LATE TONIGHT

The Post Office sub-station on Dolores Street will be open until 9 o'clock Christmas Eve (tonight) for the delivery of ordinary and insured mail.

One of the very finest
Tap Rooms on the
Peninsula

J E S S

Our Gold Room
Cocktail Lounge
will please you

424 Alvarado Street
Elks' Building in
Uptown Monterey

Blanding Gets A Card or Two

It was an off day, a Sunday, if we're not mistaken, but he had a full-time job just the same. It's of Don Blanding of which we speak and the place is the Carmel Dairy after he has crossed over from the post office. He and Al and Mrs. Al Ball were in one of the booths. Mrs. Ball is, you know, Armine von Tempaki, and she was interested in what he got with a Honolulu postmark on the envelope. There were several of those and there were others from—we listed them for fun:

Wazahache, Tex.; Elmira, N.Y.; Salt Lake City; Seymour, Ind.; St. Petersburg, Fla.; Santa Rosa, Cal.; Pasadena; Portland, Ore.; Los Angeles; Vancouver, Wash.; La Jolla, Cal.; Santa Barbara; Wichita, Kan.; Ojai, Cal.

Tuesday, he pushed his way out of the post office with seventeen times as many as these. To his "Want to look these over?" we answered, "No, we don't want to look them over," which meant, nothing more nor less, than that we didn't want to look them over. But that bird gets lots of mail. We'll bet he gets more mail than Robinson Jeffers does.

+

Mary Camp, dietitian at the Community Hospital, is back on her job, again just when the hospital staff thought they had lost her en-

tirely to the charms of the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Camp was the guest of her three doctor cousins, James, Edes and Fred Alsop, of the Alsop Clinic in Honolulu, and they almost had her convinced that dietetics in Hawaii is much more fun than in California . . . but not quite.

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DAIRY**

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CARMEL

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 2 1/2 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as it is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidet Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

Police Judge—George P. Rose. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen: Earl Wernuth, Roy Frasca, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidy. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$33 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 790. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl

Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinee Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkley, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 3887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40. Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 13:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:55, 11:30.

THINGS TO COME



MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Gladys George and Warren William in "Madame X" and Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs in "Blonde Trouble." Saturday, Bing Crosby and Martha Raye in "Double or Nothing" and Karen Morley and Eduardo Cianelli in "On Such A Night." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in "Prisoner of Zenda." Wednesday, Claudia Morgan and William Lundigan in "That's My Story." Thursday, Friday, Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall in "Breakfast for Two" and Gertrude Michael and Lee Bowman in "Sophie Lang Goes West."

DRAMA

This afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Filmarte, the Carmel Players present A. A. Milne's "Make-Believe," Christmas play. Also performance tomorrow evening, December 25, at 8 o'clock. Filmarte is on Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Tickets 50 cents with reservations 50 cents extra.

New Year's Eve and Saturday and Sunday, January 1 and 2. Repeat performances of old melodrama, "The 49ers," and After-show. Curtain at 8:45. Tickets at Stanford's.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at La Ribera Hotel, group readings of Shakespearean plays. Visitors and readers welcome.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Tonight, Sunday and Thursday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. W. W. Wheeler in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi Eaton present Hal Garrott's "Squiffer," a fantasy play arranged for marionettes. One week beginning Sunday, December 26. Afternoon and evening performances.

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

IN CARMEL. Exceptional investment opportunity. Completely furnished cottage. Close in. Present monthly income \$60. For immediate sale it is priced at \$3,000. Only \$1,000 down, balance on terms. CARMEL INVESTMENT COMPANY. Telephone Carmel 63. (27)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

STUDIO APARTMENT in Carmel Highlands available. Ocean and mountain view. P. O. Box 1882, Carmel, or Tel. Carmel 2R2 (26)

STUDIO APARTMENT for two. Complete and attractive. Down town. Rent reasonable. Available until January 1. P. O. Box 284 (tf)

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

THREE ROOMS, one with cooking facilities. Suitable for a man only. Good winter rates. (26)

JOBS WANTED

REFINED, ACTIVE elderly lady wishes place with light service, small compensation. Write P.O. Box 1326-A. (27)

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

PAINT CONCERN OFFERS

"DRIVE SAFELY" PRIZES

A first prize of \$1,000 and 14 other cash prizes will be awarded by the Devoe-Raynolds Company to winners in a national "Drive Safely" poster contest which will begin February 1, 1938, and close April 29. The contest is open to all amateur or professional artists in the United States. The purpose of the contest is to obtain posters which will help reduce the great toll of auto accidents due to careless driving. Entry blanks may be obtained through Myron Oliver, Devoe paints dealer, at Oliver's Curio and Art Supply store in Monterey.

HELENE LANDRY TAKES OVER DOLORES PHARMACY SWEET-SMELLING DEPARTMENT

Helene Landry of Chicago has taken over the fine-smelling and super-creaming cosmetic department at the Dolores Pharmacy. Miss Landry has had many years in the cosmetic line and has had lots of

DOGS

MIA IS LOST! Toy Boston bull. Disappeared in the vicinity of the Southern Pacific depot in Monterey a few days ago. Call R. H. Bramer, Carmel 799, if you find her. (26)

LOST AND FOUND

GONE! A perfectly good pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Badly needed. If you find them bring them into The Cymbal office. No reward but deep gratitude. (27)

Miscellaneous FOR SALE

HOMEMADE fudge and panocha, cookies, cakes and plum puddings. Jane's Cake Shop and English Tea Room. Dolores opposite Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank.

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

EUROPEAN MASSAGE. Packs for colds. IDA HANKE. Telephone, Carmel 832. (tf)

DEL MONTE MASSAGE parlor. Reducing treatments. Swedish massage. Bob Bissel. Del Monte Hotel. (26)

MISCELLANEOUS

SHO-CARDS. Posters, Sign Lettering. Reasonable Rates. Dick Carter. Telephone 1404-J. (tf)

experience in beautifying the deadlier of the species. Makes 'em more deadly than ever.

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AZUMA-TEI Japanese Restaurant
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"A HOME AWAY FROM HOME"

Catering to Business and Professional
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Featuring

SUNDAY DINNERS AT 75c
with Turkey, Chicken or Ham

For Reservations for Parties Call Monterey 8970, 18th and Lighthouse, P.G.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

As this is Christmas week father and mother have been very busy learning all over again their Christmas lessons, but while mother is supplying something like a historical background for the childish stories current in the neighborhood at this time, father is as busy giving the Bible stories a modern background.

We are told the family were going somewhere when the Christ child was about to be born. The old story has it that the Joseph and Mary family were of humble means.

To father that is indicative of automotive trouble in the family, perhaps a flat tire, or bad wiring, or the starter on dead-center.

Without intending to be irreligious or offending the taste, father winds up his part of the narrative with the child being born in the garage, and mother and daughter unite in grabbing a broom and a fly swatter, and—exit papa.

There are family rumpions these days, alright. There is a certain indecision among the youngsters about what to call daddy and mummy. At present it is going to be "Father" and "Mother"—as other children call them.

The word papa, with a definite accent on the last syllable, has been vetoed by the "old man," who would as soon be called "old man" as anything.

There is a certain sea-going respectability about the phrase and seamen are wont to call the man on ship they most respect by that name.

The Christmas spirit the other day moved a white-haired public official to talk feelingly for a moment. He said:

"My wife is ill. My mother is very sick, and I know she won't live. I am overworked during the Christmas season, but I am glad of it."

"I am glad there is something once in the year to break the monotony in people's lives, something to bring a little gladness, a surprise."

"For myself, I am glad to be occupied. So many are out of work. And I'm glad I haven't got time to think."

There are other stories from life at this season, among them a true story about parents who could not agree over Christmas presents for the children. Perhaps the parents were poor, one forgot hardship in a spirit of generosity and a wish to please the children.

To the other each penny spent was spent with pain. Where might such pennies come from some day? How hard these had been won!

There was a fight, a court scene, a jailing, and a cheerless Christmas, unless some thoughtful person brought some cheer around.

And for those who have nothing, this is the worst season of the year, the hardest to face. When others are having so much of goodness,

THIS THING AND THAT

RHYMES NOT TO GIVE
JUNIOR FOR CHRISTMAS

I find it shocking
To affix a stocking
To someone's chimney
And holler, "Gimme!"

If you dot all your T's
And cross all your I's
You'll never be healthy, wealthy
and wise;
But only meticulous—
Fixated, ridiculous—
Conspicuously labeled,
Infantile size.

Lullaby, flibbergibbit,
No well baby will inhibit
Deeds he knows full well that we do
At behest of our li-bi-do.

Hush thee not nor slumber,
My noisy little elf;
Oh shun all crass restrictions,
And be your awful self.
Do not refrain from causing
pain,
And never, never hesitate to do
what passions indicate.

this is a time when it is most hard
to have nothing.

What would I like this Christmas? Nothing, but the impossible. My stocking is full of happiness, and that is all we can have anyway. Anything that I might ask for would be something material, and such things in the end only make me unhappy. I can ask for nothing I have not already. That is a fine way to feel, but if I had not sometimes had little and had taken a few on the chin, I could not say that. It is grand merely to be alive.

FRASER LOOMS WINDOW
SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

One of the simplest and most beautiful Christmas windows in Carmel is that of Fraser Looms. One, immense Candle burns against a background of a shimmering, woven cellophane robe. There are no other decorations of any kind in the window. No color but white and silver except for gold figures at the bottom of the candle, finding a background of light from the burning wick above them.

QUERY

Oh, Mister Einstein, what's the reason
Stars are tumbling at this season?
Oh, Mister Einstein, please say why
They leave their places in the sky?
If you omit to go to bed you'll
See them shoot as if on schedule,
And in Carmel, down on our beach,
They'll drop almost within your reach.
Tell us what their tails are made of?
Are meteors things to be afraid of?
Would it confuse a seasoned skipper
If one should hurtle from the Dipper?
Is it all a gay celestial show
Put on for wastrels here below
Who lie on rocks and stare and stare
At the hotcha doings way up there?
Or just a bit of heavenly fun—
A colossal game of Run, Sheep, Run?
Cherubs playing Roman candles?
Giant gods on silver sandals?
Oh, Mister Einstein, please say why
The stars come tumbling from the sky.
—EDITH FRASER

Paul Taylor is down from the College of the Pacific in Stockton to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Taylor.

Mrs. Carol Edwards
of the

CARMEL ART & GIFT
SHOP

wishes her friends and
patrons a

Very Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

HEARTIEST

Christmas
Greetings

is the wish
of
MEAGHER &
CO.

lest you forget

Reynolds's Coffee Shop

SERVES A GOOD DINNER
FOR AS LOW AS 50¢

Waffles with Fresh Country Sausage
All Day Long

DOLORES STREET BETWEEN SEVENTH AND OCEAN

New Year's Eve Dinner Dance
8:30 p.m.

Mission Ranch Club

\$2.50 PER PERSON

Entertainment and 8-piece Orchestra

Call Carmel 103 for Reservations
Public Invited

Our Dining Room is Open to the Public, Telephone 170
Breakfast... Luncheon... Dinner

HAL GARROTT'S 'SQUIFFER'
IN MARIONETTES STARTS
THIS SUNDAY

"Squiffer", the little grey squirrel, a fantasy creation of Hal Garrott, will be presented as a marionette show by John and Mitzi Eaton all next week, starting this Sunday, at the Eaton Studio on Mountain

View avenue, opposite the Forest Theater. John and Mitzi have worked out a play arrangement of the Garrott book for the unique marionette production. The performances will be every night at 8 o'clock and every afternoon at 2:30. Telephone 728 for reservations because the room is small.

3,000,000 Women Can't
Be Wrong

The MAYTAG has had time to prove that
A Merry Christmas to them and the many more
that will have a MAYTAG this Christmastide!

Maytag Shop

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EXTENDS

Christmas Greetings

TO THE PEOPLE
OF

Carmel

Special Christmas Dinner
60c

Cream of Tomato Soup
Consomme en Pearl
Fruit Salad, Cream Mayonnaise
Stuffed Tom Turkey
with Cranberry Sauce and Candied Yams
New Peas and Bantam Corn
Steamed Plum Pudding with Brandy Sauce
Coffee & Tea & Milk
Choice of Steaks
Sirloin, Filet Mignon or Prime Rib

COMPLETE STOCK OF GIFT CANDIES

Curtis' Restaurant

Ocean Avenue

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

TO OUR

PATRONS

JOE'S TAXI

The S. F. Chronicle

ITS CARMEL AGENT

ITS CARMEL CARRIERS

Donald Elias and

Tommy "Tinker" Berry

Wish You, Each
and Every One

A VERY MERRY XMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR